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QUILL
NOVEMBER • 1914**

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Mon., 30—Knights of Knavery, 4 Reel.

December.

Tues., 1—Million Dollar Mystery, 2 Reel, and others.
Wed., 2—Shadow of Moulin Rouge, 4 Reel.
Thurs., 3—The Conspiracy, 4 Reel.
Fri., 4—Shadow of Sin, 3-Reel Comedy.
Sat., 5—Master Criminals, 4 Reel.
Sun., 6—Fighting Death, 4 Reel.
Mon., 7—The Tiger, 4 Reel.

Tues., 8—Million Dollar Mystery and others.

Wed., 9—Fight for Freedom, 4 Reel.
Thurs., 10—What the Gods Decree, 4 Reel.

Fri., 11—Bride of the Lammermoor, 3 Reel.

Sat., 12—The Great Stroke, 5 Reel.
Sun., 13—Dream Woman.

Mon., 14—
Tues., 15—Million Dollar Mystery and others.

Wed., 16—Blood and Water.

Thurs., 17—Joan of Arc.

Fri., 18—Guerillas of Algiers.

Sat., 19—The Triumph of an Emperor.

Sun., 20—Should a Woman Tell?

Mon., 21—From the Gutter to the Footlights.

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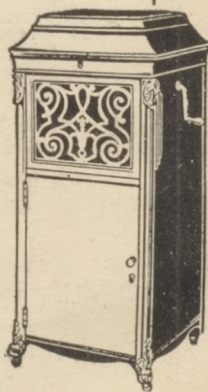
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THE QUILL

Published by the Students of the East High School

VOL. XI

DES MOINES, IOWA, NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2

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IRWIN VERNON AND HELEN RICHTER

Our Thanksgiving IRWIN VERNON

That season of the year, which our fathers set aside as a time of thanksgiving, is now at hand. In this terrible year, how great a thankfulness fills us. How much have we, the people of the United States of America,

for which to be thankful. Europe lies within a cloud; a horrible darkness covers her. Anxious dread and fearful waiting are in her homes. For many of her people there is only hope, and for many there is already darkness and



despair. Europe has only sorrow and hate and fear. We have peace. Our fields are still untrampled, our homes unburned, our family ties unbroken. War leaves in our streets and our highways no heaps of bullet-riddled men. No cannon echo through our night.

Uncolored and beautiful our moon shines on rich fields, fair cities, and sleeping homes. We have peace, and from our hearts there ascends a mighty thankfulness,—the thanksgiving of a nation for its manhood and its womanhood; for its freedom and its love.

Shark or Shirk?

HELEN RICHTER

What is a shark? One whose lessons come easily for him? No, not at all. A shark is one who gets down and digs, and who studies conscientiously with the point in mind of giving all that is in him in his recitations. One who does this becomes a credit to his school, to his teachers, his classes, and to every individual in his classes. The change from "shark" to "shirk" is slight, yet how different one small letter can make a word and perhaps a pupil. In a spelling contest, an exam-

ination paper, in the teacher's eyes, and also in the eyes of the pupils, truly one letter makes a tremendous difference. To be a shark in one's first year means success through the remaining years; to be a shirk means unending trouble and disappointment. Just a little change from G to P, yet the difference is not confined to the two words. Every six weeks it comes bobbing up. How many of us are Sharks, how many Shirks?

"They're Paid for It"

IRWIN VERNON

With the youth of this nation rests the task of saving the world from a weakness and ignorance which we can clearly see is destroying it. Of course, since we are the wisest, the most accomplished, the deepest thinkers of the age, it can easily be done by us. So small a thing will not shake our confidence. Our elders seem prone to a simple child-like trusting that to our worldly wise minds is inexplicable. We know, for instance, that everyone is mercenary and that every act has back of it the thought of remuneration received. So when we hear someone extolled for a seemingly unselfish act, it is our duty to clear up the mistake. When we are told that a teacher brings

us back from interest in our work we must show, of course, that it is done simply because she's paid for it.

We must also break up this tendency toward letting janitors slight their work. Why should we burden ourselves with waste paper? It is much more convenient to toss it into a near corner than to carry it to a waste-basket; and the janitors are paid to pick up paper. Then again, why should we stack our dishes on the tables as we leave the lunch-room? Someone else is paid to do that, we are not.

Let us, the students of East High, make it a part of our life work to destroy this tendency which is disorganizing our world,



A New Policy

IRWIN VERNON

Henceforth The Quill wishes to follow a new policy in the matter of editorials. Until now, editorials have been written by the Managing Editor and the Associate Editor. But this seems to us to be too narrow a policy. The editorial department is the place for discussion of all topics of general interest to the school. It is the place where all should express their opinions on all

phases of school life. Hereafter contributions to these columns are solicited from all members of the school. There are many things upon which many of you are anxious to express an opinion. This is your opportunity. Get busy. Write out your opinions and hand them in. Help us make this department truly express East High's sentiments and ideals.

Tennis

IRWIN VERNON

At last we have our tennis courts, six of them. Get out rackets and balls. Girls and boys alike may enjoy this game. Even the tiny freshman need no longer stay around the corridors, bored to death. I assure you that after a stiff set of tennis at noon, you will have no inclination to sleep through

the study hour. Teachers will bless the courts as much as we. Girls, don't let the boys monopolize the courts. Show them you are alive. Give them a good stiff game and watch that lord-of-creation manner fade. Here's a chance for equal rights. Go to it!

If

MOSE GOLDENSON, '15

If you can write a respectable letter
Or read Milton and be sure you understand;
If you can spell a little better
Than the average student can;
If you can answer the teachers' questions
And ask a few yourself;
If you can figure out a proposition
Without the teachers' help;
If you can write a verse of rhyme,
Or sing a song in voice sublime;
If you can star in all athletics
And are sound in your esthetics,—
If you can do these a little better
Than the average student can,
Then you're a credit to East High
And an honor to your friends.



WILIAN WILLITS

Into the Night

* IRWIN VERNON

It was hot. "Old Man" Macroy sat in the open window, his shoeless feet propped high. The rattle of dishes in the sink and Ma's high, shrill voice, piping, "Oh, don't you re-mem-ber—", reinforced at times by the baby's fretful cry, came from the kitchen, while from the street below rose the shouts of hordes of dirty children, the clang of trolley bells, the hiss of gas jets on vendors' wagons, and the rumble of engines a few blocks away. Everywhere were people and people's noises.

Jim, aged seven, was playing "Injun" in the room where his father sat. "Bang, bang! Whoopee, yow! Bang!"

"Cut it out," roared Macroy, bringing his feet to the floor with a thud. "Git out a here, an' shut up. It's a great note a fella can't get a little rest after workin' all day. Git out, I say! Slave all day long, gittin' money to—"

The voice trailed off into a mutter, as Jim fled terrified out of the door. Down the stairs and into the streets he went, into the throngs of wretched humanity.

So it was, night after night, till Jim was seldom found at home. Into the streets he would go, into the crowds of boisterous children, loafing, drunken, vile men and coarse women. Out into the night,—and no one cared.

At first he was shy and stood silent. Then he joined in everything. He cursed with the men and laughed with

the women. At first he "took" fruit and candy from Toney; then he stole—everything. He fought and a mighty fighter he was. He smoked, he drank. He swaggered about in a cast-off coat, his hands in his pockets, his cap far over his eyes. He was arrested and "did time."

Years passed. His eyes took on a drugged stare. He became more accomplished in his art, more sullen, more evil. He carelessly threw the message, telling of his mother's long illness and wretched death, into the gutter and lurched off, laughing at a coarse story a companion was telling.

* * *

The first gray of dawn was creeping over the city, as Jim Macroy crept stealthily down the stairs and slipped away into the fog. Slowly, slowly the day came. It found its way into the building that Jim had just left. It reclaimed the room from darkness and touched upon a form lying face downward on the floor, a huddled, shrivelled thing, mean and small, yet terrible. The building awoke; doors slammed, foot steps clumped down the passage, but Macroy lay stiff and cold, face downward on the floor.

The day found Jim stretched full-clothed on his bed. Many days found him thus. He left his hovel only after dark, and then he would creep back fearful, terrified. Every step that

The Quill

paused near his door brought him to his feet, fear clutching his throat. Days dragged away. At last he felt a hand on his shoulder and he was led away.

And now the trial was over, the last plea made. The verdict was guilty—guilty of murder in the first degree. The grave judge, looking down upon the shrinking, hopeless, beseeching Jim, spoke to him.

"Prisoner, you have been found guilty of murder,—your father's murder. You are a parricide. Have you anything to say? Is there any reason why you should not hang by the neck until you are dead?"

A breathless hush fell over the courtroom. A bleak light stole through a tall arched window and fell across the prisoner's face, as it was slowly lifted until his eyes held those of the judge.

"Have I got anything to say? Should I hang? According to law, I should, for I killed a man. But why? I'll tell you why, because he made me kill him. Yes, he was my father. Father! He sent me into the streets. He didn't want me around, so he kicked me out. He made me drink; he made me steal; he made me kill. And you're goin' to hang me for killin' him? I had a right to kill him. He killed me, when I was just a kid. And you're goin' to hang me. Well, go ahead. I'm done. I killed him, so I'm done."

* * *

Jim Macroy sat in his cell, his head buried in his hands. He was thinking, he could not do otherwise. He was deathly tired. His eyes burned and

there was a ringing in his ears. He had thought, oh, so long! He had tried everything, but again and again it came back. At last he fell into a fretful sleep. He seemed to be in a sort of plain amongst tall grasses. Behind him was a dark forest; before him a deep river. But neither the trees nor the grass moved and the river was still. Suddenly a great flash came from the sky. The river turned red as with blood, a mighty wind shook the trees and the grass trembled. And all about him he heard the cry:

"You are a parricide!"

He started to run, but the grass wound about his feet and the river boiled as he drew near. He sank to his feet with a despairing moan and covered his head with his arms. Then he saw a great rock rise from the churning waters and on the rock were hundreds of people who pointed and jeered, calling:

"Parricide, Parricide!"

Jim Macroy opened his burning eyes. Somewhere far away a deep voiced bell began to toll, slowly, ominously. A dull, scarcely discernible gray showed between the window bars. Heavy footsteps paused outside the door. Keys jangled, and one grated in the lock. The great door groaned and swung open. A lantern, lifted high, cast a red glare over the prisoner's pale face as it was slowly lifted. He pulled himself to his feet and at a muttered "Come," passed out. The door swung shut. The footsteps died away. Only the bell tolled on, then finally it too ceased and all was still.

The Talisman

NATHAN SMITH

With his clothes frozen to his aching limbs like the shrouds of an ice-bound ship, Tom Farlowe staggered pluckily on in the face of the bitter north wind, half dragging and half carrying the unconscious body of his comrade.

This was the climax of the week-end hunting trip, made by Tom Farlowe and Vincent Clark, fellow students and "chums" at Harvard. Pushing through a thicket, Vincent had accidentally discharged his shotgun, wounding himself badly. Real-

izing that the loss of a minute might mean the life of his wounded companion, Tom had, with almost superhuman exertion, covered three-fourths of the four miles to the nearest abode.

The ominous mobilizing of lowering storm clouds on the western horizon and the increased density of the blinding snow were awful reminders of the dire peril with which the doughty rescuer and his charge were threatened by the enraged elements.

"If I can only hold out about a mile further," gasped Tom between labored breaths, as he shifted his burden to the other shoulder.

With what seemed but a moment of twilight, night bore down upon the scene, and the storm broke in full fury.

Now and anon Tom would shout for help, but the howling gale threw his faint summons back in his teeth as it swept by him with a demoniacal laugh.

At last, utterly exhausted by his struggle with the surging storm, and feverish from exposure, he dragged slowly to his goal.

* * * * *

The best of friends must part and these two were not destined to be exceptions. Commencement came with its vaulting ambitions, painful reminiscences, and fond adieus.

"Tom, old pal, for you and me, I guess this means good-bye," sighed Vincent as a glistening tear stole down his gloomy features. "Not much chance of our ever meeting again, since I'm leaving the country. But, old man, I shall never forget what you have done for me and my greatest sorrow in parting is my inability to make some return. You know fate plays a queer old game."

"Now come on, Vincent, forget it. I never did anything for you which you would not have done for me, had the opportunity offered itself," reminded Tom.

"I've got a little bauble here, not much, but I value it as a gift from my father. Take it, old chap, and let it be a little reminder always of the great

debt which I owe you."

So it came to pass that each went his way to seek his fortune and to wrestle with the problem of existence.

* * * * *

"Remember, Mr. Clarke, it means promotion. Don't fail to bring in your man," and the chief of detectives waved a parting salute to Detective Clarke as he passed out into the night.

Five weeks later the man hunter had trailed the quarry to his lair. The rest was child's play.

The day before the departure for the "Windy City," the prisoner was paid a visit by his wife, a comely young girl, lovely in spite of the deep-seated grief which overcast her young face. There was something about those girlish features which seemed strikingly familiar to Clarke, although he knew not why.

As she turned to leave the cell room a necklace which she wore, becoming unfastened fell to the floor. The detective picked it up and in the very act of handing it to her, stopped, thunderstruck. He gazed at the little ornament dangling on the beads, then into space, while his face beamed with fond recollections.

"Where did you get this little talisman on the necklace, may I ask?" he finally said, gazing at the queer little piece of carving.

"It was given me by my father. He is dead now—a friend at college had given it to him a long time ago," she answered, at a loss to know the reason of his excitement.

The girl who stood before him was, then, the daughter of Tom Farlowe and she was, indeed, a living image of her father. It was no wonder then that she had seemed so familiar. Tom Farlowe, dead. The thought staggered him. He would never have a chance to pay his great debt of gratitude to Tom. The detective stood rapt in deep thought several moments, then he spoke.

"That friend of your father's was I. He saved my life one time and now I am going to give your husband another chance to reform, to make a man of himself, for the sake of you

who are the daughter of the best friend I ever had, excepting my mother. Here, take this money. It will come in handy," and he slammed the iron doors of the now tenantless cell.

A faint smile flickered on the leathern visage of the "guardian of the law" as he watched the two retreating figures until, having passed the street

light, they were swallowed up by the all-enveloping darkness.

"I lose a promotion," he mused, "but good old Tom, in the realms of the cherubim, is pleased, and all is well." He smiled as he blew a smoke ring slowly into the air and watched it fade away.

A Ripple in Kate's Life

WILIAN WILLITS

"I'm going to dye my hair," Kate announced, very much as if she had said, "I'm going down town."

"What?" exploded her brother Tom.

"I said that I was going to dye my hair," she answered calmly.

"Don't be silly, Kate," admonished Mrs. Miller. "She's only joking, Tom."

"I'm not either joking. You ought to have seen Billie Burke's hair last night. I never saw anything so beautiful in my life," enthusiastically.

"You're crazy! She's got red hair," scoffed Tom.

"Well, I know it. That's why I like it. Fritzie Scheff and Marie Doro both have red hair, too. I just love it," defiantly. "I don't mean orange red, but this glossy, soft, coppery auburn."

"Humph! How do you know it'll be glossy, soft, coppery auburn? If people like you they'll call it auburn, if they don't they'll call it red, and believe me—you're not so popular but what there'll be a lot of reds following you," Tom prophesied.

Mrs. Miller had paid little attention to the conversation of the two till now.

"You can't really mean you're going to dye your hair, Kate?" she questioned.

"Why yes, that's no crime, is it?"

"Yes, it is. People would think me mad to allow it."

"Well, look at my hair, now. Just a common, rat-colored crop. There's nothing attractive about me. If I had soft, wavy auburn hair, I wouldn't care whether I were beautiful or not."

"I don't see how dyeing it would

make any difference. It isn't wavy now," muttered Tom.

Just there Kate's father came in.

"What d'ye think? That girl," pointing to Kate, "says she's going to dye her hair a beautiful fire red. Won't she be dashing?" sarcastically.

Kate glared at Tom, "Well, the girl you're so crazy about hasn't got any hair to be proud of. Dingy, colorless hair! It wouldn't hurt her to peroxide or dye hers."

Tom put his hands over his ears and went whistling out of the room.

"Great Scott, girl!" exclaimed her father, "if you do that, I've a notion to disown you."

"Well, I think the subject has been exhausted. You've expressed your views individually and collectively. Now, for goodness' sake, let's find a topic of conversation that we can agree on. It's a shame that such a little freak as I ever dropped into such a conservative family."

They talked of other things of common interest and her parents were positive that her absurd whims had been abandoned by their ridicule.

That evening the family went to a church social. Kate pleaded a headache and remained at home.

Before the family was well out of sight, Kate was hurrying in the other direction. Soon she was anxiously inquiring at the drug store whether Henna came in packages or in the bulk.

When her family came home she was securely locked in her room.

'Tis better to leave unsaid what happened when Kate made her appearance at the breakfast table the next morning. But suffice to say a rather shame-faced and doubtful looking girl entered the side door of her high school that day. The transformation in her was not disagreeable, but it had a very artificial and unnatural shade.

Most girls were so tactful that they did not mention it to her. Still, she felt even more keenly than words, disapproval in their questioning, side-long glances. She tried to be as inconspicuous as possible, but her hair was such a shade that it went unnoticed by very few.

Kate suffered excruciating mortification most of the time. When her father's aunt came to spend the winter with them, the first thing she saw was Kate's hair.

"What has happened to the che-ild?" she exclaimed, her hands lifted in horror. Kate had answered resentfully, "Well, it's my own affair and it's my own hair. 'Nuff said."

At other times she was pathetically drooping in her manner, especially when she would catch her mother's eyes following her with wis fu! longing.

Her unhappiness and chagrin were short lived. For several weeks she was seriously ill with typhoid fever. In her delirium she talked continually of auburn hair, cause and effect. In the first stages of recovery she called for a mirror and beheld a new growth of natural colored hair.

"Oh, mumsie!" she called, "your prodigal's returned. Come see my lovely new crop of ugly brown hair."

Orphan Annie

LILLIAN LAMBERT

Great was the excitement in Brown's chicken-house one bright morning in May. Just three weeks before old Speckle's greatest wish had been granted and she was given fifteen eggs for a setting. So proud was she of them that she could hardly be coaxed away to enjoy a nice juicy worm, even when the master of the chicken-house found it.

But at last the agony of suspense was nearly over; all the eggs had hatched, save one. What little beauties the babies were! Fluffy little balls of yellow and white, so clean and pretty that it seemed a shame for them ever to go out into this dirty old world.

The proud grandmother, Calico, who was possibly a little jealous of Speckle's success with her first brood, advised her to quit the nest, saying that fourteen such biddies were enough, and the last egg never would hatch anyway. Speckle, however, having a mind of her

own, sat on. About noon she was rewarded by a faint "peep, peep," and the last of the family emerged from the shell. But, alas! Speckle would no doubt have been happier had she taken Calico's advice, for this little biddy would never take a prize at a chicken beauty show.

What a strange little creature she was. Her large head was perched on a too-small body, while the legs were long and ill-shaped. Her brothers and sisters did not receive her with much enthusiasm and she was left to mope by herself in a corner of the yard, while Speckle paraded round with the rest of the brood.

Mother Brown, who lived in the "big house" and owned these interesting fowls, now appeared on the scene. Spying the deserted little chicken she exclaimed: "Well, old Speckle was right after all, and the last egg did hatch." Upon examining the last

The Quill

egg's recent occupant more closely she added: "You poor, poor dear. You're deserted and you're homely. You look just like a little orphan, and I shall call you Little Orphan Annie." And Orphan Annie she straightway became.

Annie was petted and craddled from infancy up, Mother Brown making her her special charge, much to the disgust of the other fowls, who declared she was enough to disgrace anyone's family.

When Annie was nearly two months old a boy, passing in the street, struck her on the leg with a stone, and for several days the poor little thing limped badly. Mrs. Brown noticed the limp, however, and bandaged Annie's leg in such a way that it soon healed. But more trouble seemed in store for this "ugly duckling."

Gradually she began to lose her coat of fuzz and instead of sprouting a nice crop of feathers, as every well-behaved

chicken does, Annie seemed content to do without any clothing. Mrs. Brown jokingly declared that she would crochet her a jacket, and when the cold days of November came it seemed that something of the kind must be done, as Annie still showed no intentions of growing feathers. She was given her breakfasts with the cat, however, and by eating scraps of meat and other nutritious foods she managed to grow a crop of feathers worthy of any chicken's notice.

Annie grew and grew, till one day just before Christmas as Grandpa Brown passed through the chicken yard, he remarked to Mrs. Brown who was holding Annie on her lap, "My, that's a fine rooster you have there."

"Rooster!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown indignantly, "Why this is Little Orphan Annie."

"Well, she may be Orphan Annie, but she's a rooster just the same."



WHAT'S DOING

RUTH PERCIVAL AND HARMIE HOTTEL

After lunch on October 23, just one day before the North-East game, a big "pep" meeting was in order. The football boys were called to the platform. Miss Goodrell read a long article from the Register & Leader, and if newspaper "dope" counts for anything, the game was already won by East. There was lots of enthusiasm and "pep" among the students.

On Wednesday, November 4th, about eleven o'clock, we were very highly honored by a visit from Rev. W. A. Sunday, his wife and several other members of his party. Mr. Rodeheaver, who has charge of the large chorus choir, first talked to the students and invited them over to the tabernacle on Friday evening. He then played "The Rosary" and a "Historical Drama in Three Parts" on the trombone. Mr. Sunday was then introduced by Mr. Thornburg. He gave a talk to the students that was full of short, spicy, little sayings, that hit the point exactly. He said more in about twenty minutes than some speakers would have said in an hour. He spoke just long enough to make us want more. Mr. Sunday's talk was followed by a short talk from "Ma" Sunday. She is a woman of fine personality, whose whole interest is in her husband's great work.

Good lessons were in order on Thursday, November 5, when the school was honored by visiting school teachers from all over the state, who were here to attend the State Teachers' Association. Not that we have good lessons only during Teachers' Association—we have them all the time—but there may have been an added effort on the part of the students because a vacation was coming. During the

fourth period assembly was called. Miss Zona Gale, of Wisconsin, but formerly of Iowa, gave an interesting talk on the Wisconsin schools and the effort that is being made to make the school the center of neighborhood social activity. Her talk was very interesting and beneficial. The juniors, who read Zona Gale's short stories, will probably feel doubly interested in them because of having heard her.

What They Did to Celebrate the Holiday.

Miss Goodrell—"Attended Teachers' Association."

Miss Gail—"Sewed and slept."

Sara Stone—"Worked as I never worked before."

Lillian Lambert—"Nothing—trotted around, that's all."

Mildred Finnane—"Crocheted."

Helen Richter—"Went to Corydon."

Cora Bloomenstein—"Ran around."

Paul Nelson—"Played tennis, went to football game."

Clarence Bishard—"Did my best to sleep until 11:00 o'clock every morning."

Walter Bemis—"Watched Drake get beaten."

Esten Scott—"Went joy-riding."

George Wequist—"Let's see, what did I do?"

Leo Moulson—"Supplied information for State Teachers' Association at the Savery."

Roger Webley—"Grew a mustachio."

Gladys Uinterrowd—"Went to football game, Billy Sunday, and matinee."

Irwin Vernon—"Worked."

Helen Martin—"Went to Billy Sunday, dance, and hay-rack party."

Wilian Willits—"Danced."

The Quill

Harold Ray—"Tried to take nine in a two-seated auto."

Frank Staves—"Several things; also went to Colfax; ate two or three dinners and several suppers."

Ralph Preide—"Saw West-North game from a tree."

Wilma Hartung—"Went to doll party."

Helen Pugh—"Cleaned house."

Bertha Goodrich—"Went to reform school."

On the night before Hallowe'en the City Federation of Teachers met in the assembly room. After a business meeting and program, they adjourned to the gymnasium for a social time.

Through the kindness of Miss Goodrell the moving pictures of the state fair were shown to the school. We saw the people coming on trains and street cars, going through the gates and going from building to building. We saw the prize stock, the stock parade and horse races. There was a very thrilling game of auto-polo, especially thrilling when one of the autos turned over. We saw Lincoln Beachey do the dip of death in his aeroplane and race with an automobile. Altogether, when it was over we were as happy as though we had spent a day at the fair grounds and we weren't nearly so tired.

To hear a recitation on Monday after a "big game," one would think the pupils of East High belong to the old "Know Nothing" party.

'Tis said that "music hath power to soothe the savage breast," but we are at a loss to know if Herr. Mose Von Goldenson's "Symphony" military band would not have a directly opposite effect on the said "savage breast."

Fred Anderson expresses himself as favoring the "Referendum," for, says Fred, "If we had the Referendum in school and teachers gave us too many 'tickets good for one or more post-session performances,' we could remove that teacher with the greatest celerity. Yeh! It's a fine thing, that 'Referendum,'" and Fred pushed four more

sticks of "Wrigley's Best" into that talkative chasm.

An assembly was called on Friday, November 13th. Of course everyone was enthusiastic because it was the last day before the big game. Miss Goodrell called for the football boys to come to the platform. Loud bursts of music (?) were heard and the boys marched upon the platform, playing the band instruments, led by the able drum major, Prof. Mose Goldenson. The second team boys brought up the rear. After a selection by the whole band, solos were rendered by Russell Erwin and "Pip" Overturf. Vic Weiser was called upon for a Spanish dance with his tambourine, but he failed to respond.

Miss Goodrell called on Irene Finn and Leon Smith for short speeches. She then called on the new members of the Faculty. Short speeches were given by Miss Hanson, Miss Snook, Miss Poorbaugh, Mrs. Barr, Miss MacVicar, Miss Padmore, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Franklin and Mr. Hostettler.

The boys again gave a selection and marched from the platform around the assembly hall and out around the halls. Assembly was then dismissed and we all marched to our classes to the strains of music.

At 7:30 in the evening, on Friday, November 13th, the assembly hall was packed for the East-West "Pep" meeting and was just as full of enthusiasm and "pep" as it was of people. Miss Goodrell called the football boys to the platform and then all the old players who were present. She read a list of the football captains and called on those who were present for talks. George Garton, Oscar Freburg, Carl Heggen, Watson, Metcalf, Chester Mullen, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Smith, Charles Yoder, Leonard McClaren and Mayer Cohen gave short talks. Mr. Cohen, as usual, made his promise of a treat to the boys in case they won. This time it was in the form of eighteen blankets. Miss Goodrell read a letter from Gus Freburg who from year to year never fails to remem-

ber East High with wishes for success in the East-West game. Miss Goodrell also read a night letter from Myer Silberman, wishing the boys good luck and giving them some good advice. Currie Chase contributed two solos to the program, which were warmly received. All through the program the students gave their songs and yells. The crowd, in itself, was an inspiration to the boys. There were old grads. of twenty years ago and on down to our graduates of last spring, all with one wish for East High at this time.

Thursday night a mass meeting was held at the night school. There was quite a crowd of the day students there, and we all sang and yelled our loudest.

Of course there had to be a celebra-

tion after such a victory as the West High game. Yells and speeches were in order. The meeting being in charge of Coach Van Liew and Chubby Amsherry. After rousing cheers for the team, Mr. Cohen was called upon and renewed his promise of the blankets. Mrs. Weiser expressed her pride in the team. Mr. McKinney was even willing to run for the school board again if East High should need him. Mr. Goldman assured us that the oysters had been ordered for a week, as he knew we would win. Mr. Garton said he sat in the neutral zone at the game, where they didn't care who beat—West High. After a description of "Fat Erwin" getting up the hill, and speeches from football men, we all went out to gather around a roaring big bonfire.

ORGANIZATIONS

PAUL V. NELSON

Glee Club Notes.

The Boys' Glee Club is progressing slowly, but surely. They are beginning to harmonize fairly well, and have a new song ready to sing. Mr. White has secured new music, so we may not hear "Mammy's Little Boy," or "The Boys of the Old Brigade," all year. The boys must remember, that forty-five minutes is a very short time for a chorus of thirty voices to practice and really accomplish anything. Take that frown from your face when you are asked to remain after 3 o'clock. If we want a good club we must have a lot of good hard practice.

The girls are either too modest or too timid to tell of their club, though rumor

says there are so many members that the club will have to be divided into two divisions.

Band and Orchestra.

In as large a school as we have, there should be a large band and orchestra. If you have ever asked yourself this question, "Why cannot East High have a good band?" your answer would without a doubt be, "They can." We ought to have a band of thirty, at least. Everybody boost for the band. The orchestra is progressing fairly well and bids fair to be an excellent organization. We are waiting for morning concerts.

ATHLETICS

ESTEN SCOTT

East High 17, North High 0.

East High won the first city championship game Saturday, October 24, by defeating North High 17 to 0. It was an ideal day for the game, and a large crowd was present. The east side of the stadium was packed, while a smaller, but just as enthusiastic bunch sat on the west side and rooted for the losing team.

Schufelt was the star for East High. He made eleven out of the seventeen points, with a touchdown, a place-kick, and two goal kicks, besides being a sure ground gainer whenever given the ball. Captain Amsberry, Stone, Overturf and Byers played their usual good game, while Story did all that could be expected of him in the short time he played.

No scoring was done in the first quarter. North kicked off to East and the ball was returned to the center of the field. Nothing phenomenal happened during this quarter, East's only chance to score being when Byers tried a drop-kick, but failed. East was penalized a total of sixty yards during this quarter for holding.

Early in the second quarter East rushed the ball to North High's thirty-five yard line, where Lazarus tried a drop-kick, which fell short about three feet. North took the ball on her twenty yard line, and then fumbled it. Byers recovered it. Lazarus was put out of the game and East was penalized forty-five yards. Burzacott took Lazarus' place. North again fumbled and East got the ball on the ten yard line. Overturf made two yards, Schufelt three, Overturf two more, and then Schufelt carried the ball across for a touchdown. Schufelt also kicked the goal. East lost another chance to score, after a thirty yard run by Stone and an end

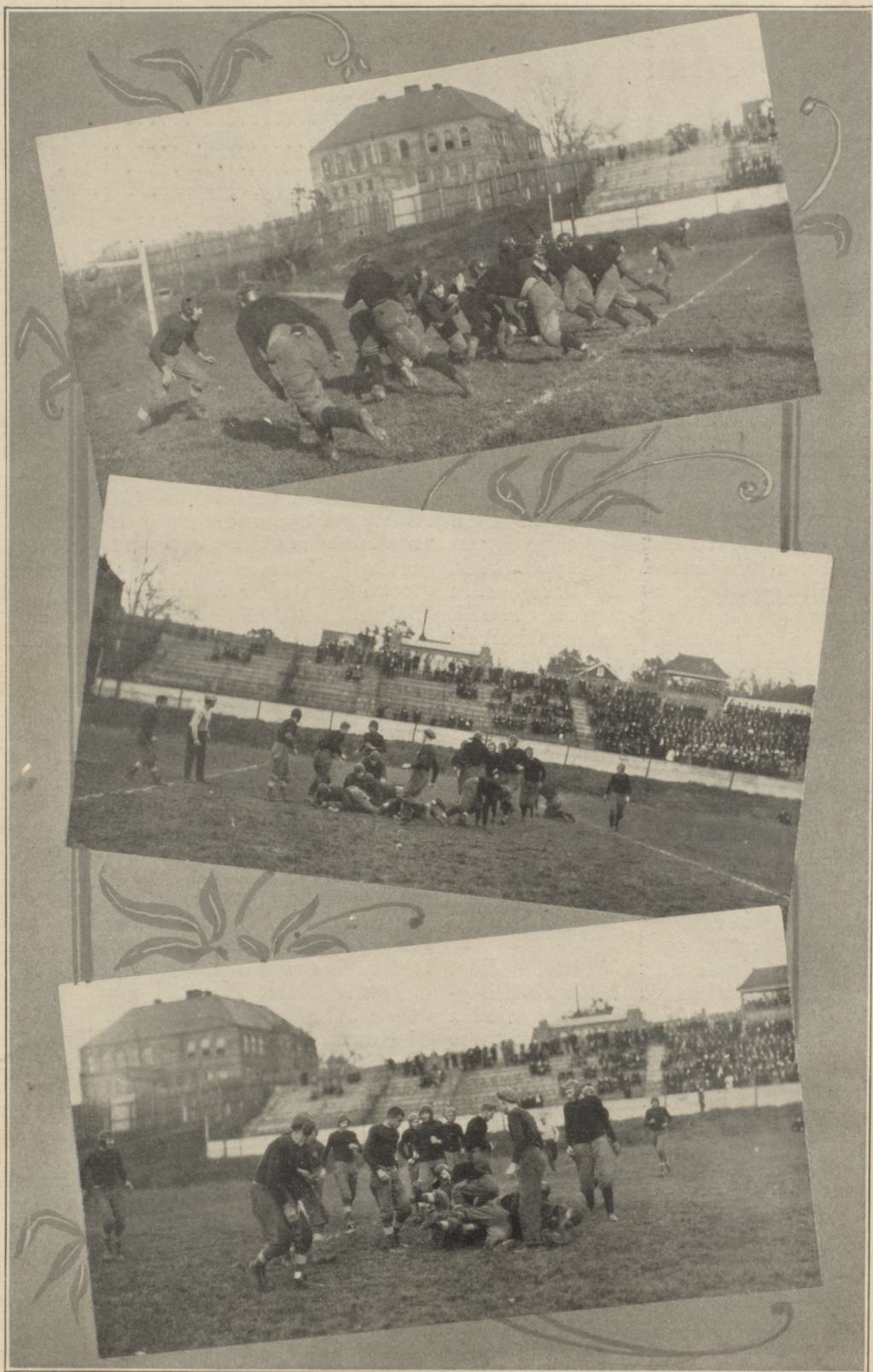
run by Overturf had placed the ball on the two yard line. Line smashes added one more yard, but the first half came to an end before it could be carried over for a touchdown. Score, East High 7, North High 0.

Soon after the beginning of the third quarter East carried the ball to North High's twenty yard line, where Schufelt made a perfect place-kick. Then Story took Stone's place, and on the first play made a thirty-five yard run around right end. Erwin made a touchdown after a forward pass, and Schufelt kicked goal. The quarter ended just after the kick-off. Score: East High 17, North High 0.

North High had her only chance to score in the last quarter. Story lost ten yards, and then East was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Weiser punted forty yards to Crawford, who returned five. Then Horsburg gained thirty yards around right end, and Crawford added seven more in two line smashes. Then North fumbled, and their opportunity was lost. The game ended with the ball in East High's possession on North High's thirty-five yard line. Final score: East High 17, North High 0.

East High	North High
Lazarus	L E..... Gerberich
Erwin	L T...(C)..... Lowe
Coombs	L G..... Hutchinson
Whitmer	C..... Snyder
Beemis	R G..... Harries
Patterson	R T..... Royal
Weiser	R E..... Maxwell
Byers	Q B..... Lauer
Amsberry (C)...	L H..... Ellingson
Schufelt	R H..... Horsburgh
Overturf	F B..... Crawford

Substitutions: Burzacott for Lazarus, Stone for Amsberry, Story for Stone, Stone for Schufelt, Schufelt for



Snapshots of the East-North Game.

Stone, Ashby for Lauer, Lauer for Ashby.

Officials: Umbarger, Yale, referee; Preston, Ames, umpire; Coggeshall, Grinnell, head-linesman.

East High 20, Eagle Grove 7.

Last year Eagle Grove treated us to a very unexpected, and also a very unpleasant surprise, when they defeated us 13 to 6. They expected to repeat the performance this year, but unfortunately, our team had different expectations, and, with a little persuasion, the Eagle Grove boys were reconciled to our point of view. They started off with a rush in the first quarter, when H. Sullivan recovered the ball on a fumble, and went eighty yards for a touchdown. Smith kicked goal. A second fumble was almost as disastrous, when Bruswitz started for our goal with a clear field before him. Mac Byers, after a record-breaking sprint, caught him on the thirteen yard line, and then and there spoiled his dream of a touchdown. Bruswitz didn't know that Byers was our track captain for next year, or he wouldn't have run when he got the ball. The quarter ended soon after this exciting little foot race.

In the second quarter Mac Byers demonstrated his ability as a kicker. Twice his dainty right foot started the ball on its journey between the posts, making a total of six points. The first half ended with the score 7 to 6 in favor of Eagle Grove.

In the second half our boys began to outplay Eagle Grove, and soon the score was all in our favor. Tedrow made the first touchdown in the third quarter. Stone crossed the line for a second touchdown in the fourth quarter, and Byers kicked goal. Once more our goal was in danger of being crossed by the persistent Eagle Grove team. Smith intercepted a forward pass and went to our thirty-five yard line. A forward pass and a smash by Mickelson placed the ball on our three yard line, but Eagle Grove fumbled just at the right time, and our boys recovered the

ball. The game ended soon after. Score: East High 20, Eagle Grove 7.

East High 13, Omaha 24.

Friday, November 6, our boys were defeated for the first time this year. As long as they could see what they were doing they kept the lead over the Omaha team, but when it came to playing in the dark, the Omaha lads seemed to have the luck on their side, or else they were used to playing football during the night. Our boys were at a disadvantage because, in Iowa, they were accustomed to watching the ball, and when it became invisible, they—well, they couldn't see it any more.

In the first quarter East High did all the scoring. Soon after the kick-off Byers drop-kicked from the fifteen yard line, giving us three points. Then Captain Amsberry went around right end and ran thirty yards for a touchdown. Score: East High 10, Omaha 0.

In the second quarter Schufelt made our only score by a wonderful drop-kick from the thirty-five yard line. Brickley, of Harvard, hasn't anything on Schufelt, in East High's opinion. After this, Omaha took the ball, and by three forward passes in succession, gained fifty-three yards. Then the ball was carried across for a touchdown by line smashing, but Lutes failed to kick goal. After the kick-off Lutes went around left end for twenty-five yards, then a forward pass to Wilson resulted in another touchdown. Score: East High 13, Omaha 12.

That ended the scoring until the fourth quarter, when the "shady transactions" began. Schufelt intercepted a forward pass, and Shafer gained twenty yards on another pass, but Omaha held, and Weiser punted. Johnson received the ball, and ran to our two yard line; on the next play he made a touchdown. Lutes again failed to kick goal. East High took the ball on the kick-off and advanced steadily up the field to Omaha's thirty-five yard line. Here a forward pass was attempted, but the ball fell into Lutes' hands, and before our boys could get a searchlight to hunt for it, he had run for a touchdown.



Final score: East High 13, Omaha, 24.
Omaha. E. Des Moines

Wilson	R E.....	Weiser
Phillips	R T.....	Erwin
Bradley	R G.....	Coombs
Beard	C.....	Whitmer
Peterson	L G.....	Bemis
Peterson	L T.....	Patterson
Moriarty	L E.....	Gould
Berry	F B.....	Tedrow
Lutes	L H.....	Amsberry
Johnson	R H.....	Schufelt
Nichols	Q B.....	Byers

Substitutions: Stone for Amsberry, Burzacott for Byers, Thorpe for Weiser, Weiser for Tedrow, Mitchell for Bemis, Shaffer for Schufelt, Byers for Thorpe, Fullaway for Phillips, Engstrom for Bradley, Bradley for Phillips, Phillips for Berry, Melchoir for Beard, Carpenter for Reese, Kimball for Moriarity.

Summary—Touchdowns, Johnson, Lutes, Wilson, Amsberry; field goals, Byers, Schufelt; goal after touchdown, Schufelt.

Officials: Referee, Evans of Drake; umpire, Caldwell of Marquette; headlinesman, Racely of Nebraska.

Time of quarters—fifteen minutes.

East High Seconds 0, Mitchellville 32.

Our second team went to Mitchellville Saturday, November 7, and brought back the small end of a 32 to 0 score. The Mitchellville team was too fast for our bunch, and scored almost at will. They were particularly efficient in the forward pass, and this method of scoring was used with good effect. The Mitchellville boys played good, clean football and they deserved to win.

The Mitchellville team helped make up for our defeat, by wishing us all kinds of luck in our game with West High.

TENNIS.

We now have six tennis courts, three on each side of the gymnasium. The grounds are well taken care of, there are twenty-one rackets to be had for the asking, and there is no reason why tennis should not become a popular sport

in our school. The boys seem to be taking hold of this more than the girls, but as tennis is the only athletic sport in which the girls can take part, they should take more interest in it. Surely there are more girls in our school who play tennis than the half-dozen who are using our courts now. Why don't they come around and show the boys how to play? It might take some of the conceit out of our boys if the girls should beat them in this game, besides furnishing wholesome exercise for the players and amusement for the innocent bystanders.

East High 21, West High 12.

In one of the cleanest and hardest battles ever played between the two schools, East High defeated their old rivals 21 to 12, Saturday, November 14. It was an exciting game from start to finish, and not until a very few minutes before the final whistle blew did the East side rooters feel at all safe, so close was the score. This victory gives us the city championship without dispute, and gives us a good start towards the state championship. If West High beats Ames and Clinton, and our boys can defeat Sioux City, East High can rightly claim the state championship.

Over an hour before the game started, the crowds began to fill the Stadium. Both sides were crowded, and many were standing up. The Scarlet and Black was much more prominent than the Maize and Blue, and the spirit of the East High boosters was more consistent. As long as the score was in their favor the West Siders were right there with the noise, but when their team was losing, they forgot to yell. When the score was 12 to 7 in favor of West High, the East High team had the same support that it had when the game was finished.

East High started the scoring in the first quarter, when Weiser punted to West High's fifteen-yard line. Nichols tried to punt out of danger, but the kick was blocked, and East High recovered the ball on the ten-yard line. Shufelt gained seven yards, and Captain

Amsberry carried the ball across the line for a touchdown. Shufelt kicked goal. After that neither side could gain much, and punted the ball back and forth on the field. The first quarter ended with the score 7 to 0 in favor of East High.

The second quarter was marked by the brilliant playing of Nichols for West High. Early in the quarter he caught a forward pass from Devine and ran sixty yards, through the entire field, for a touchdown. He tried to kick goal, but the ball struck the uprights, and bounced back. Before the quarter ended, he again went through our team, but Byers stopped him on the ten-yard line. On the next play he went across the line for a touchdown, but the ball was taken back, and West High was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Nichols couldn't get away again, so he tried to drop-kick from the thirty-yard line. The kick went wild. The quarter ended soon after, with the score 7 to 6 in favor of East High.

West High made their last touchdown in the third quarter. After Nichols had advanced the ball within striking distance, Doolittle went around left end for a touchdown. Nichols failed to kick goal. East High then started in on the forward pass. The first pass, Byers to Burzacott, gained twenty-three yards, but the next one was intercepted by Nichols. Another pass, Byers to Patterson, made thirty-five yards, and a third pass, Byers to Weiser, placed the ball on the two-yard line. Byers went over for a touchdown on the next play. Score: East High 74, West High 12.

In the last quarter neither side could gain much. West High tried a forward pass, but Stone intercepted it. East was held for downs, and West tried another forward. Stone again intercepted the pass, and ran for a touchdown. Byers kicked goal. Score, East High 21, West High 12. The score remained the same until the end of the game.



Captain Amsberry and the Coaches.

East High	West High
Lazarus L.E.....	Beck
Patterson L.T.....	Neal
Bemis L.G.....	G. Devine
Whitmer C.....	Zaun
Coombs R.G.....	A. McMurray
Erwin R.T.....	Locker
Weiser R.E.....	Van Dyke
Byers Q.B.....	C. McMurray
Amsberry L.H.....	Nichols
Shufelt R.H.....	Doolittle
Overturf F.B.....	Chamberlain

Substitutions:—Stone for Amsberry,

Tedrow for Overturf, Burzacott for Lazarus, Shafer for Shufelt, Mitchell for Coombs, Shufelt for Shafer, Lazarus for Burzacott, Story for Shufelt, Shufelt for Story, Gabrio for Van Dyke, A. Devine for C. McMurray, Redlingshafer for Gabrio, C. McMurray for A. Devine, Sillick for Chamberlain.

Touchdowns:—Amsberry, Nichols, Doolittle, Byers, Stone.

Goals from touchdowns:—Byers 2, Shufelt 1.

INTERVIEWER

CHIEF HOO-RAY-EAST HI

Billy Sunday was perched up near the choir loft, while I led the school in our cheers, one Friday night at the tabernacle.

"Go to it," he yelled, "you are doing fine," and we certainly did "go to it".

That spirit is what I like best in East High, we all work together, with great support from the faculty on the side lines.

I have another compliment for you, too. A gentleman, who employs a great number of high school students, told me that all other things being equal a student, who came to him from East High would be employed in preference to a student from either of the other high schools. These are the things that make me enjoy my work here so much.

"What is the first thing to know when you begin the study of music?" asked Will Murphy of Wilian Willits.

"Well, you must know "do" and where to place it, for one thing," she answered.

And now she is wondering why it is that Will told me that she said one of the important things in studying music

was to be familiar with money, and to know how to spend it.

"Get out—get out—get out of the way," a group of students were roaring in an attempt to drown out the sound of the 8:30 bell, when I arrived this morning, and I stopped them on the spot for an interpretation of what the East High bells say.

"The 8:15 bell is my breakfast bell, and it says, 'Time to hike if you don't want to be tardy; you have only ten minutes,'" volunteered the young gentleman who lives across the street.

"Well, there is no doubt about what the 8:25 bell says to me," declared Horace Odendahl. "With its knell of 'Unprepared, unprepared,' it reminds me that return slips exist and that my lessons should have come before the movies. That's no joy-bell."

"Do any of the bells have special significance for you girls?" I asked of Wilma Hartung and Helen Martin.

"The assembly bells ring forth the gayest notes in my ears," replied Helen. "There is such an element of expectancy and anticipation in their tones that their jingle is always welcome,

for who knows what is awaiting us. The anticipation is always fun, even though the realization may fall short."

"I agree with Helen," said Wilma, "yet I believe that the fire alarm can vie with the assembly bell. There is no threatening menace in its clang as you might expect, but it tells a pleasing tale, for it says, 'This will give you an outdoor intermission, and will take at least ten minutes off the next period.'"

"You've left out the most important bell of all," grumbled Russell Irwin, "the luncheon bell. Its tones are pure harmony to me, and I tell you its notes conjure up more pleasing visions than any poetry I ever studied."

"What are your opinions on this subject of bells, Vic?" I asked, turning to Vic Weiser, who joined the group. Vic smiled a reminiscent smile and dreamily replied:

"I do not know, I cannot tell, why such a funny feeling

At mention of the East High belles,
into my heart comes stealing.

If I must voice my inmost thoughts at
your command, must tell

My choice, you know, dear Chief
Hoo Ray—it is the Senior Belle."

There was such a raucous din in the assembly room the other day, that in great alarm I hastened to seek the cause. As in company with others, I rushed down the corridors, Miss Goodrell called out from the office.

"Don't be frightened, Chief, it is only the band practicing for the game."

To confirm this with my own eyes, I went to the assembly room and looked in. As I stood there watching the performance, I fancied that now and then I heard a familiar note. In bewilderment I turned to the others who were hanging about the doors. "What is that tune," I asked.

"That's East High Team Going Down the Field to Victory," Martin Andrews informed me.

"No, it's 'We Ramble,'" asserted George Jarvis.

"Neither one of you fellows is right, can't you recognize a tune when you

hear it? They're playing 'Down in Old East High,'" declared Tom Hudson.

"Don't any of you fellows have a musical ear," demanded Roger Webby, disgustedly, "That is 'Three Crows.'"

Finally they appealed to our musical authority, Gladys Winterrowd, to settle the question. She had been listening to the players' execution with a very puzzled air, and now replied hesitatingly: "I believe that they are attempting 'The Battle Hymn of East High.'"

Just then there was a temporary lull in the performance, so we asked Clarence Bishard what they were playing.


"Didn't you recognize that?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, that was 'The March of the Men of Harlech.'"

CONTRIBUTED.


PRUDENCE PEIRCE

I approached Cumberland Dugan on the subject of Woman Suffrage, the other day.

"Certainly not," he said in answer to my questions. "Women should never have the vote. They would not be able to use it wisely and judiciously. Woman will never be equal to man. Man is supreme and always will be, and that is not all. The vote is not the only thing which should be withheld from the women. I, for one, am a firm believer that the girls should always be made to stand at the end of the line in the lunch room. 'Men, first, last and always,' I say! Also the girls ought to be put in different classes, because sometimes they say things which get one into trouble. Moreover, the girls do not have the brains that the boys (at least some boys) have. The feminine mind is incapable of getting a firm grasp on really great questions, such for instance, as from whence some of the ancient tribes came, as the Arabs and Hungarians. This, to my mind, is one of the burning questions of the age. Taking all these important facts into consideration, surely it is obvious even to the most prejudiced mind, that women never have been and never will be equal to men."



ALUMNI



LILLIAN LAMBERT

"I'm horribly tired. I guess I won't do my Quill work tonight," I remarked Saturday evening, as I sank into a chair.

"It has to go in Monday, doesn't it? Take my advice and do it this evening. You never want to on Sunday."

"Yes, I know you are right, aunt Hattie, but I should so love to read. Still, if you think I'd better, I suppose I can."

Seizing a pencil and pad, I wrote "Alumni"—paused for an inspiration and, none appearing, placed a huge exclamation point after the word.

"There! that just expresses my feelings," I thought in despair, "What a big word. Still it only has six letters, but it means so much."

"What is the matter with me, anyway? I can't seem to remember a thing." Sleepily rubbing my eyes, I gazed at the word. Was it my imagination, or were the letters growing? Certainly, they were! What could it mean? Soon the first letter separated itself from the others and addressed me.

"You certainly are a lazy specimen. The idea of you sitting here chewing your pencil and yawning, when there is so much to be done. Why don't you get busy?"

Astonishment nearly overcame me. I had expected sympathy, if anything, but I managed to groan, "I can't think of anything to write."

"Well, it's your own fault, if you can't. Certainly plenty of people have graduated from East High. Enough alumni notes could be found to fill a whole paper each month, instead of one page."

"I suppose you are right, but the fact remains that I haven't a thing."

"Dear me! Well, rather than have our department spoiled, we letters will help you out. L, you and U surely know something about the alumni."

"Yes, indeed, we'll be glad to help you," they answered.

Here was luck in abundance. But wasn't it strange that L and U had only one voice between them, not a very strong one either.

"We happened into the public library the other day," pursued the voice, "and saw Audrine Patterson, '14, working there; a number of girls of the alumni are teaching. Among them are: Laura Hottle, '13, who is teaching at Woodward; Mary Still, '08, who is at Waverly, Iowa, teaching Latin in the high school; Zola Barge, '08, who is teaching German at Sanborn, Iowa; Mable Springer, '12, who is in the kindergarten department of the city schools; and Florence Goble, '10, who is teaching in the Sabula High School."

"How interesting, but do you suppose I'll remember any of this?"

"Certainly, you will, and more, too. I am sure M and N will add a great deal."

"Yes, I think we can," they replied. Voices certainly must have been scarce when these letters were made. M and N also shared one, which was fainter than the first.

"Allen McKinney, '12, is in Drake, Diveda Henderson, '11, Wilma Phillips, '11, Sam Green, '13, Clarence Morean, '13, and Ralph Mullen, '12, are at Ames. Fey Moody, '14, is studying electrical engineering at Highland Park College."

"There have been several marriages, too. Flora Molly, '13, has married Orville Webb of North High, and Ruth

The Quill

Stevenson and Roy Findlay, both of '14, were married in the summer.

"Prudence Nicholas spent an interesting summer in Chautauqua work. She was with the Redpath-Vawter system and traveled extensively in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska.

"Ivy Gartsee, '14, is working in the Library Commission at the Historical building. I, what do you know?"

"I really don't know many more notes," I replied. How faint his voice was. It had been a case of faint, fainter, faintest.

"Ethel Beard, '10, is studying in Boston," continued I. "Helen Keefner and Ethelyn Cohen, '13, are attending Drake. Marie Glenn, '11, is teaching in the Second Avenue schools at Council Bluffs."

The voice had trailed off fainter and fainter. Now it gradually died away. With a start I awoke. There lay my paper and pencil. Curiosity impelled me to closely examine the word on the pad, but it had not changed in the

least. Strange as it may seem, I remembered all I had been told. Wasn't that a **lucky** dream?

Edward Everett, '11, is assistant business manager of the Montana Light & Power Co., at Billings, Mont.

Dorothy Carpenter, '14, is attending Oberlin College, at Oberlin, Ohio.

Ruth Russell, '13, is taking the music supervisors' course at Drake.


Albert Buchanan, '11, is house salesman for the Pratt Paper Company, of Des Moines.

John L. Shipley, '02, holds a responsible position with the American Express Company, and is at the same time press representative for Elbert & Getchell.

Miss Lucy Lane, '08, was married to E. O. Baumgardner, August 25. They are at home at 1801 Des Moines street.

Roy McQuiston, who graduated several years ago, is at present editor of a paper at Azusa, Cal.





SCHOOL DIARY



JOE WARD

October

Monday, 19—Our master clock doles out periods composed of forty-five units. It has lost the habit of ringing twice in succession.

Tuesday, 20th—A representative of the National Steel Pipe Co., showed us through the intricate processes needed to produce a modern steel pipe. Many were under the impression that a few scenes from "Dante's Inferno" had been introduced.

Wednesday, 21—It is rumored that we are to play North High Saturday. At a late hour Mr. PEP could not be located.

Thursday, 22—Mr. PEP fully recovered from his late attack of the hookworm.

Friday, 23—School spirit at its height. Mose and George preside over our assemblies.

Tuesday, 27—The eighth wonder of the world has come to pass. We sang twice today.

Thursday, 29—What mean these woe-ful wails emanating from the music room? 'Tis merely the orchestra getting in tune.

Friday, 30—We are given a chance to refresh our minds with the sights and sounds of the State Fair through the medium of the "movies." Accompaniment furnished by the student body. Mr. John Hall stands prominently in the limelight.

November

Monday, 2—The devotees of tennis take advantage of Iowa's winter climate.

Tuesday, 3—Tennis courts in full swing. What do you mean by "fifteen love"?

Wednesday, 4—"Billy" Sunday gives us an inspiring talk on "Success."

Thursday, 5—We are inspected by the state teachers. School dismissed at noon.

EXCHANGES

HELEN RICHTER

"After that long ride I am so cold I think I never shall get warm again. Oh, what a headache I have tonight, every little noise seems to be knocking against my head, just knocking—knocking.

Oh, is that you, Miss Totem? Do come in and sit down. You are very attractive in your green frock tonight. When are you going to tell me some more of those lively jokes?

Who was that I saw you with the other day? Oh, gee, that Student Lantern fellow from Saginaw, Mich. A right clever and brilliant chap he is, too.

I suppose you know that little short girl that's here from South Omaha. Oh, you know who she is. She's always exchanging without a department. And then, there is Miss Cardinal, from Portland, Oregon, a perfectly charming young lady. She is one of those dreaming sort who write stories and

poetry as well. I am quite positive she'll make something of herself in the literary world.

Then we have a little boy, Master Red and White, no system to him yet, but he'll get it as he grows older. Master Blue and White is young, too, but writes good stories.

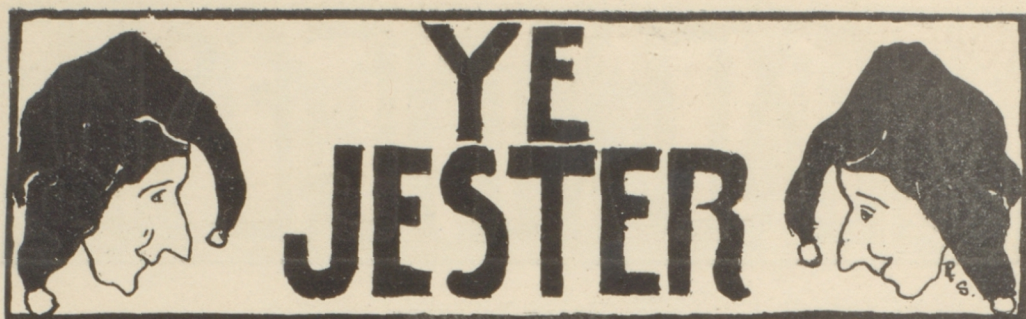
You've met Mr. Bulletin, haven't you? Always telling about his Bone Yard. I don't blame him, though, for that, because I think it's good myself.

I think that Pulse man from Cedar Rapids never will lose a beat. His life is as regular and as certain as anything could be.

There goes Miss Oriole now. Isn't she tall and stately, and she's always just as dignified and cool as that. She seems so much older than the rest of us and more—

"Helen, come now, wake up, you'll never be able to get your neck straightened out,—"





YE JESTER

NATHAN SMITH, '15

At Last a Plausible Explanation!

Miss Goodrell: "Our first team meeting defeat at Omaha, the second team knowing that 'Misery loveth company,' allowed themselves to be defeated also."

* * *

George Whitmer wishes to trade his Ford for a box of dried prunes, an Iowa farm, or a position in "Prexy" Wilson's cabinet.

* * *

Roy Banta pauses between serves to ask if the Germans and Allies will call a truce Saturday in honor of the East-West game.

* * *

The worst yet was when a wee Freshman asked, the other day, if the heat was transmitted from the heating plant to the main building on the aerial wires of the wireless plant, which are strung between the two buildings.

* * *

We notice that West High is an institution where Nichols count.

* * *

Expect Us To Believe That, Eh?

Harold (in Miss Kasson's History): "I saw in the paper last week that a company of Germans killed a whole battalion of Russians. The Germans noticing that their fire was not returned finally charged but upon coming upon the Russians it was seen that they were all dead. They hadn't fallen because their feet were so big, they couldn't."

* * *

Reinforced Bone—As It Were.

Mr. White: "Boys can stand on their heads while girls cannot. Know the reason why?" Silence.

Mr. White: "Simply because boys' heads are so hard."

* * *

Eject Him, Officer! ! !

Ole Olson: "The United States is going to ship three million watermelons to Germany."

Clarence Fackler: "Do tell! What for?"

Ole Olson (hastily retreating): "The Kaiser is going to lower the cost of living by feeding the army on the Rhine."

* * *

The Good Ship "Vivian" in Distress.

Bruce Gould: "That demonstration's all on the blink. Why don't she call off the bluff and crawl upon the perch?"

Miss St. John (Translating to Vivian, the defendant): "Bruce says that your demonstration is wrong. What message do you wish to send to Bruce?"

Bruce G. (Interrupting): "Send out an S. O. S."

* * *

Miss Wood—In Soph. Eng. Class: "One by-product of a recitation is to find out how much the teacher knows."

* * *

From Whence no Man E'er Returns.

Mr. McGregor: "Verily I say, he that cheweth gum shall also chew the rag in the office."

* * *

"Punk" Punctuation of a Soph.

Homer W.—B. Soph. Eng. theme: "Elaine was then placed on a barge and rowed down to Camelot by an old servant that was both deaf and dumb in one hand, she had a lily in the other, etc."



The Study Hour

RAY CLEMENS '15

I stalled on my physics
At two forty-two,
And turned around
To a boy I knew,
To find out the ratio
Of the pitch of a screw.

He sat with his arm
Half covering a book,
His thoughts far away
By some sheltered nook,
Angling for fish
With a line and hook.

Many's the time
Near the close of school,
My thoughts are away
With the ranks of Buell,
Astride of a horse
Instead of a stool.

I turned from him slowly
And wondering why,
No matter how far
You may soar in the sky,
You're always brought back
By the buzz of a fly.

My problems could wait,—
They had done it before.
So I turned to find
If there were more
That were keeping time
To a cannon's roar.

One's back will not tell
Where his thoughts may be.
We only can know,
When their faces we see.
I sat in the back
And I only saw three.

The first is a freshman,
He's dreaming of wealth.
He's a stout old man
In the prime of health.
When they speak to him
He's "Earl the Twelfth."

The next is a sophomore,
And he has a "date"
This very same evening

At a quarter to eight.
With a welcome for him,
Will she be at the gate?

The last is a senior,
He's thinking of work.
He'll start at the bottom;
Perhaps as a clerk,
And climb to the top,
Where fortunes may lurk.

* * * * *

My work was done,
I was happy and gay,
I grabbed my books,
And was up and away;
For the bells had announced,
The close of the day.

* * *

Now There is Blood Between the House of Clemens and the House of Smith.

Ray Clemens.—In B. Sen. Eng. when
Miss Hathway appointed him stage
manager and property man in a drama-
tization of Macbeth: "Will it be all
right to use a head of cabbage for Mac-
beth's head, when Macduff beheads
him?"

Miss Hathway—"That will be fine."

Ray C.—Who is Macbeth in that
scene?"

Nate Smith (trying to look impor-
tant)—"I am Macbeth in that scene?"

Ray C.—"Then a block of wood will
do for the head."

* * *

Mr. McGregor: "Will the angels keep
their wings down and the boys their
hands?"

* * *

?

And now we are wondering whether
our sprinters will take to Billy Sunday's
sawdust trail as readily as they do to
Van's cinder path.

* * *

Do Tell !!!

B. Freshman in assembly Friday,
when one of the High school horses, in
the movies, stood with all four feet
planted on a small keg: "Aw! For the
love of Mike, I can do that—and I'm
only a Freshman in High school."



"Muz"—A Little Man, But All Man.

Miss Goodrell (in assembly while the audience waits in breathless suspense for the appearance on the platform of one, Mosey Sandler): "Mosey is not large, but he's here."

* * *

Expunge that Soil from Your Map, Art.

If the face is the index to the soul, Art Weissinger's soul was far from immaculate, Saturday, when he was working on the tennis courts.

* * *

The latest grand opera hit from the pen of that noted composer, Mose Van Goldenson, is "Every Little Limburger has an Aroma of its Own."

* * *

Eagle meat is quite cheap around Eagle Grove, now, since East High's huskies made their invasion.

* * *

Just because you are beaten a love set in tennis, does not necessarily mean that you have heart trouble.

* * *

North High ought to be very good losers because so much practice should make perfect.

* * *

Just because "Sunday" came on Saturday a few weeks ago, is no sign that lunch hour will come the first period, in the future.

* * *

Never Count Your Credits Till They're Made.

Miss Balliet (explaining enrollment paper): "Now, where it asks for number of credits, put down the number you have,—not the number you hope to have."

* * *

Why Not?

Roger Webley—(after he has drawn a figure on the board which might be a diagram of the River of Doubt): "That figure," indicating same with pride, "is a concave polygon."

Miss St. John: "How do you know it is concave?"

Roger W.: "Why, because one side is caved in."

PAGE THIRTY-TWO

Perhaps Some Bonehead had Paid the Penalty.

Clarence Fackler, upon detecting an odor of perfume left by preceding class; "It smells like a funeral in here."

* * *

—Or a "One-step."

Elmer Spears (in music after Mr. White has explained about "half steps" on the piano keyboard): "How do you get a 'two-step' on the piano, then?"

* * *

He Must Have Removed His Valuables

Miss St. John (in solid geom.): "Russel, how do you know that this is a triangular prism?"

Russel Irwin (blankly): "Search me!"

* * *

"Better late than never," said Thomas Tusser, but, "Better still before 8:30," says Miss Goodrell.

* * *

Another Outburst from Elmer.

Mr. White (in music trying to explain how to find the name of the black keys between the white ones. "Now if Jim is sitting between Jack and Bill, but I don't know either of the latter, how can I know Jim?")

Elmer Spears: "Get an introduction to Jack and Bill."

* * *

Cole Berthoff **proposes** and her father **disposes**—(of Cole via Boot Route).

* * *

Of two evils the lesser is always to be chosen,—so come to school, even if school has started a couple of hours before your arrival.

* * *

An East High Patrick Henry.

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me the course to the cafeteria."

* * *

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, even so does he sit who has not his lesson.

* * *

Delays have dangerous ends, therefore don't stop at your lockers between classes.

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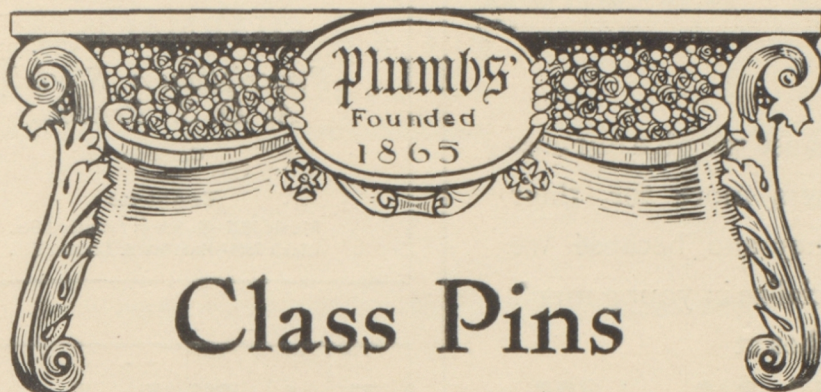
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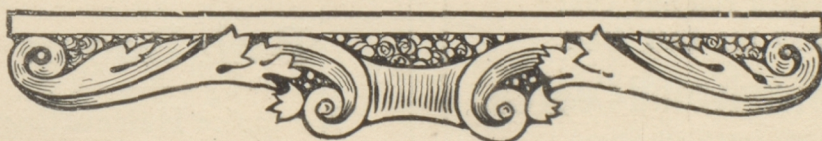
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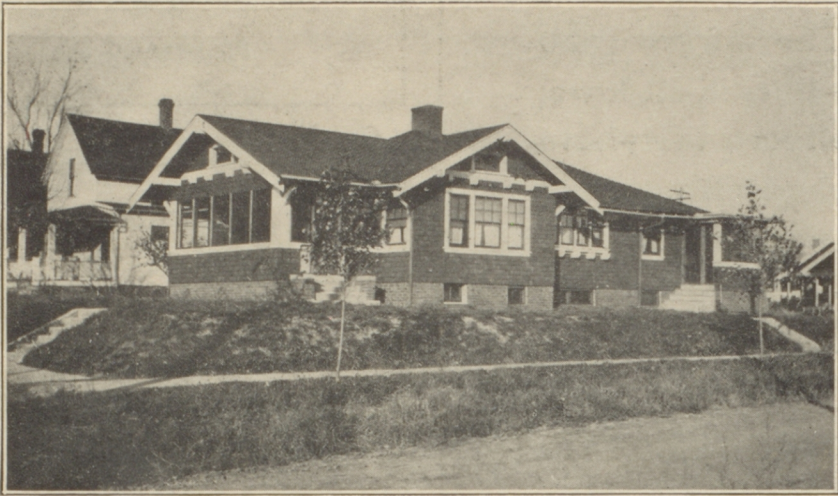
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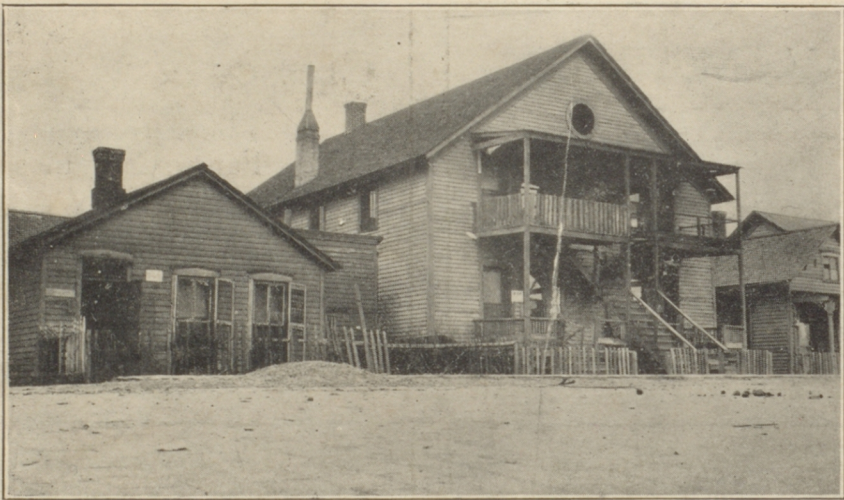
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